## It Is Co Laugh...

Some of the Whimsical Aspects of Life Seen and Described . .

A man who more than got his money's from the weighing machines waddled the aisle of the sleeping car in the wake t the negro porter. Well, where are you going to put me

this time, Fb?" he asked. \*Right up hyah, suh. Uppah 13, suh. Fb made a sweeping bow as he indicated he betth with a wave of his hand. Upper 13? Haven't you got any lowe

herths left?" asked the fat man. Not a lowah on de train, sub. If dere was, suh, you know right well, suh, you'd auhtainly hab it

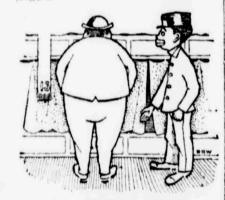
The fat man eyed upper 13 critically. "Will it hold me. Eb?" he asked anxiously ·You remember what happened last time I slept in an upper berth."

There was an uneasy movement behind the curtain of lower 13. " Deed I do, suh, 'deed I do! An' dat

little thin man down below you. Oh, lawdy, lawdy! I t'ought he'd a-like t'died An anxious face appeared between the

curtains of lower 13 and surveyed the speakers sharply. "Well, that's all very funny to talk about afterward, Eb, but I don't want to go

through anything like it again. The question is, will this berth hold me." The porter's face took on a grave ex-



RIGHT UP HYAH, SUH, UPPAH 13.

Why, I doan know, sub. I doan see no reason why it shouldn't 'ceptin'- pahdon ne, but aint you a triffe mo' fleshy dan what you was?"

The head again appeared between the urtains of lower 13. This time it began "I-I-beg your pardon, sir," it said.

but if you prefer a lower berth, why, er hag "Tut, tut, tut," broke in the fat man, urriedly. "Your offer is very kind, sir, at I really couldn't think of depriving you

f your night's rest. And I'm sure the pper will hold all right. I'm not in the least afraid, I assure you." "Ah. but really, now, I insist. I have absolutely no preference. In fact, I know

I shall rest much better in the upper berth. The head disappeared and a moment later a weazened little man crawled out in the aisle with a bunch of clothing in one hand and a pair or shoes in the other. "I insist, sir." The little man's tone was almost defiant.

well of course, if you insist," smiled the fat man, bowing as low as nature would

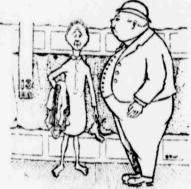
The porter made up the berths, and ten minutes later the fat man was snoring peacefully in lower 13

It seemed to the thin man as he swung nto upper 13 that he saw the porter wink. But then, it may have been a flicker of the

Next morning the fat man, looking fresh and rested, lumbered into the smoking car and settled himself comfortably in a orner chair. Several of the passengers smiled. The clout man smiled back at them

"On well," he said, "you thin fellows an laugh all you want to, but for my part id rather be fat than wealthy. I weigh exactly 276 pounds now, and if it was 378 I'd consider myself just 100 pounds better

Three or four passengers who had witnessed his acquisition of lower 13 the night before and who had themselves spent a quarter of the night in more or less successful attempts to dress and undress in ipper borths, stopped smiling and nodded



I INSIST, SIR.

For him who is weighted with flesh," o far man asserted with the air of one knows, "in inverse proportion are ther burdens of this life made lighter. And I do not refer to the benefits which people derive as a specially favored has the honor and glory in winning far men's running matches or the pecuniary reward that comes to those members of gentler sex who exhibit their ample oportions to less favored of their brethern id sisters who have paid the necessary the of admission. What I mean is that in the ordinary humdrum of life's everyday struggle the fat man fares better than the

more deterence in public places than the thin one. It is known without asking that he's honest. How could be pocket the silver or tap the cash till in a restaurant? He'd attract too much attention. A light get away with the goods. They'd estake him before he'd gone ten feet. Take the gentle art of picking pockets, by, the only way I could reach a man's hind me. And in that position, how could here under the sun his pocket was gentlemen, whatever else the fat

n is, he is not dishonest. It may be, certain envious lightweights would have believe, that he is honest because he to be. But whatever the cause, honest, and receives everywhere eference and respect that honesty com-

At hotels and restaurants the fleshy Because they know he appreciates As for the service, it's a well-known of that nothing short of a fifty-cent tip alights a waiter more than serving those he appreciate the delicacies that are

advantage over the fifty-cent tip. The fatness is there before the dinner begins; the tip is a matter of speculation until after the coffee.

"But probably the greatest advantage the fat man has in this life is in travelling. Suppose, for example, that we are now sitting in an ordinary day coach. Unless particularly well acquainted with some one else in the car, each man, for the sake one else in the car, each man, for the sake of comfort, picks out a seat to himself. Allowing one man to a seat we exactly

fill the car.

"At East Sangus, however, another man gets on. A rapid survey of the car shows him there are no empty seats. What does he do then? Does he squeeze himself in next to me and sit with his legs all cramped up for the rest of the journey? Not a bit of it. He sees that there is more room next to Mr. Skin N. Bones over in the corner there, and sounts down alongside of him. here, and squats down alongside of him,

nere, and squats down alongside of him, oag baggage and lunch.

"Then, too, think of the blessings of being fat when travelling on street cars. Once seated in an open ear it is impossible for any man to stand in front of me.

"If it's a closed car and I myself, have stand, even that has its compensations. No man can step on my feet, unless he is built on the plan of the leaning tower of Pisa. What's more, my figure makes it unlikely that I tread on other people's corns, thus sparing them sundry feelings, the ex-pression of which would undoubtedly prove

pression of which would undoubtedly prove offensive to my young ears.

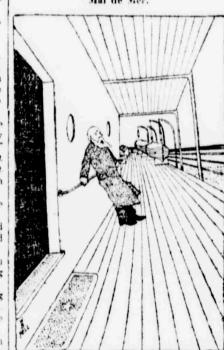
"If the fat man does occupy a seat in a closed car, ladies as a rule, out of regard to the extra burden which nature has piaced upon him, seldom stand in front of him. To the ungallant thin man who, like as not, hides behind his newspaper when he sees a member of the fair sex standing near him, this would undobtedly appear as an advantage. vantage.
"Not so with the fat man. His natural

gallantry makes him ready at all times to surrender his seat to a woman. And when he does, he has the satisfaction of knowing that she will find a seat where she sits down, instead of some insignificant little down, instead of some insignificant little space that may be swallowed up by the movement of an adjoining knee before she has succeeded in squeezing herself into it.

"I could lenumerate many more advantages of being stout, but what's the use? The fat man's personality speaks for him. Did you ever ask yourselves why it is that fat men are invariably good-natured, genial, happy fellows—hard to rile and easy

genial, happy fellows—hard to rile and easy to please; and why it is that whenever you hear some disgruntled fellow whining away and complaining, you can always take it for granted that it's some dried-up, weaz-ened faced little shrimp who doesn't weigh enough to make a dent in a feather bed. It's simply because the fat man gets the best of everything, gentlemen. He has nothing to get disgruntled about."

Mal de Mer.



Water seeks its level. The physicists do tell Sceks it like the devil Makes me feel unwell

I wouldn't so much mind it Except this awful lurch. Oh, find it, water, find it Or else give up the search.

PERIL OF THE CIRCUS SHIP. note Bill Tells a Tale of Elephants, of Thirst and of the Sea.

"Travellin' ain't the same nowadays is what it used t' be," Uncle Bill remarked o his neighbor in the smoking car. He was on his way back from seeing

Aunt Cynthia off on one of the big European liners "We never dreamed uf all these here modern conveniences in my day-runnin' baths, electric enlightenment an' sech

frills. When I went t' Europe some thirty odd years ago, 'twaz in a cattle ship, an' ver had tew work yer passage. "I said cattle ship, but it wan't. It wuz dephants, by durn eighteen full grown

elephants. We were takin' 'em across fur a circus company. "My job wuz ter carry up water tew the

elephants every day. Sounds easy, don't it? Wal, son, you jest try it some uf these days. "First day out I carried up two bucket-

fuls fur No. 1. He tossed them off like he wuz tolerably thirsty, an' I went back ter fetch a couple uf pails fur elephant No. 2. "But when I reached No. 1 again he had sech a wistful thirsty look in his eye, and

wuz trumpetin' so all-fired plaintive like. thet I couldn't resist. So I gave him them two buckets too. "Wal, sir, I can't properly say whethe t wuz the salt air thet made 'em so pes

it wuz the salt air thet made 'em so pesty dry, or whether some smart Aleck had been feedin' 'em peanuts before the start, but as sartin as I be here now, thet thar No. 1 drank up thirty-four pails uf water afore he'd let me pass on ter water No. 2.

"An' the rest wuz jest as bad. Why, would you believe it, before nightfall thet day I'd carried 192 bucketfuls uf water ter them ornery brutes! An' at that, b'gosh, No. 13 only got four pails, while as fur Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, they went dry.

Uncle Bill paused a moment to refill his

"Wal, thet couldn't go on. Arter the fourth day out I set ter figurin' ter devise some means wharby I could water th' elephants, an' yet get time enough ter feed m'self. Finally I hit it. Thought I did.

eastwise.
"On the fifth day I got the ship's carpenter ter hore eighteen holes in the sides of the ship-one fur each elephant. That! thought I. I'll jest shove their pesky trunks out through them that holes an let them drink their durn fill. An' did they drink?

You oughter seed 'em.
"I don't know whether it wuz the salt in the ocean or whether they were more thirstier even than usual, but you never saw critturs drink so in all yer born days. "They were a-suckin' in so thet than were eg'lar holes in the water whar their trunks

were. An' they kept right on a-drinkin', an' a-drinkin', all thet day an' all through "Then came what Doc Quackenbush would call the final piece of resistence.

Early next mornin', about 4 o'clock, I wuz woke up by a dreadful yellin' an' stampin' \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* 'Ship's aground! Ship's aground! Everybody wuz shoutin'.

"The captain rushed up ter his room an'

pulled down his sailors' almanae. He began turnin' over the pages all naivous-'By gum!' says he. 'Than ought be three miles of unploughed water here.

Something's wrong.
Then we rushed to the sides and looked over. Yer could see bottom. All of a suddint things dawned on me. "Wa!, I'll be swobberg-sted! cries I, slappin my knee. Them that pesky rephants are drinkin the whole occasi-

With that we rushed down stairs like "By the time we resched the elephants the hell-bent-for-election. But it was too late.
"By the time we reached the elephants they had it all. Thur we waz, by crickey, high an' dry, 800 miles from shore, an' not a drop of water tew sail either way in. "How'd we manage? Oh, easy erough, We led the pesky critters up tew the railin' an' beat 'em with oars so that they cried, an' cried, an' cried, an' cried, an' they'd cried if the salt water back in the ocean again. I tell ye, neighbor, when dephants do do things they do 'em ou a highthey do 'em on a big "Ballardvale, Ballardvale, Ballardvale!" shouted the conductor, and Uncle Bill was forced to leave his remarks unfinished.

HOW INANE.



A fool girl of Paris named Jane. She was off in her head

Who found her. He found her in Seine MAKING COWBELLS.

### No Other Bell Is Made in the Same Way or Looks Like These.

In a factory on a hilly side street in the ree-embowered town of Collinsville, Mo., they make the cowbells which go jingling so musically up hill and down dale in so many parts of the country and beyond

The metal for the bells is received in large flat sheets of thin iron direct from the rolling mills, and is passed under a steamdriven cutter which trins out the properly shaped pieces like patterns for a doublebladed axe. Then a workman fastens into the centre of each piece a ring for the clap-

Finally the piece is bent down into the familiar bell shape and its sides riveted together on the anvil. The bell is in shape then, but it still lacks tone and color

These are gained by a coating of brass and a bath in a flery furnace. In pests of four or five each the bells, ranging in size from the little 3-inch sheep bells to the 7-inch cowbells, are placed with a mix-ture of charcoal and brass filings between

ture of charcoal and brass filings between them, in plumbago crucibles, whose lids are held in place by a plastering of wet clay. Then these are immersed in the fire. Within the crucibles the brass spends itself in a thin coating over the imprisoned bells and the bell obtains its clear note. All that need be done afterward is to burnish the bells, which is done by throwing them with a few leather scraps into a big revelving cylinder in which they polish themselves. The bell tongues are made in foundries, and come with wire attachn foundries, and come with wire attach-nent ready to bend on. From 10,000 to 15,000 bells are made each

year in this little factory, and through the wholesale hardware houses, are shipped to all parts of the country. To the great cattle ranches of the West were sent recently a lot of the bells toned in sets of an octave each, so that the bell-bearers among the shifter bergard answered each other. the shifting herds answered each other in musical chime.

It was hard to tune these bells, because

the different notes had to be evoked by a patient shaping with the hammer, the flaring of the mouth of the bell raising Ranchmen say that bells echoing in

tunes across the plains deter wolves attacking the herds.

AMBITION



Than Moses this maiden looked meeker. But at heart she was really a kicker. When the crowd flocked her path. She longed in her wrath.

### NO OTHER LAKE LIKE IT. The Wonders of Oregon's Most Interesting

Crater Lake, which with its surrounding mountain has been made a national park by an act signed by President Roosevelt last May, is being more and more talked about since attention was then called to its beauty. Tourists from all over the country are going to see it, and they come away enthusiastic

Crater Lake, Deep Blue Lake, Hele-in the-Ground, Lake Mystery and Lake Majesty it has been called each in turn There is no other lake like it in this county and probably none in the world.

White men first visited it in 1853, and ever since then it has been talked about as a national wonder by the comparatively few who had seen it

It was made at some far distant date when Mount Mazama, a peak in the Cascade Mountains in southern Oregon towering 15,000 feet above the sea level, was shaken by some volcanic force so that the upper part of the mountain sank within itself. home, pretty well mussed up as the result

Seventeen cubic miles of matter disappeared. Where, no one knows.

That part of the mountain above timber line, or 8,000 feet elevation, entirely disappeared, carrying with it 4,000 feet of the inside and leaving only a great cauldron, "Oh, doctor! doctor, go in to him-quick! a mere shell of a great mountain. In the course of time water flowed into this caul-He has all the diseases of the rainbow dron from an unknown source and filled it thalf full, and now there is Crater Lake, 2,000 feet deep, with almost perpendicular walls nearly as tall on all sides, the surface

6.239 feet above sea level.

On the southwest side of the lake is a circular island, or cinder cone, 845 feet high, and known as Wizard Island. In its top is extinct crater 500 feet in diameter and

100 feet deep. On the southeast side is a jagged rock wo or three hundred feet high, known as he Phantom Ship.

These are the only islands in the lake.

The water is marvellously clear, and ooking upon it from the cliffs, or from a coat, it is blue beyond description. When its surface is unruffled by wind it reflects he surrounding walls and the heavens like

the surrounding walls and the heavens like a plate-glass mirror.

A man who recently rowed out on its surface at night, when there was a full moon and a clear sky, came back telling of the uncanny feeling he had had.

"The full moon glowed above," he said, "and a full moon below. A vast ball of the universe was around and about me with the earth left cut, and I, suspended in the centre, felt my hair rise. I had to shake the heat to spoil the picture and feel my-self really safe."

#### THE WORM THAT TURNED AND THEN RETURNED.

One day a haggard angle worm Was brought before Chief Justice Germ crawled along with way'ring squirm As though be were quite sick of life Two lady worms appeared before The honored court, and gravely swore They'd have the prisoner's wormy gore, For he had taken each for wife.

"What, bigamy!" Judge Germ exclaimed. 'An awful crime, I'm deeply pained. This charge, vile worm, must be explained You have some answer I infer. he angle worm, all wriggling, rose And started to ooz forth his woes such woes as seldom come to those Who are not worms and never were

Ten months ago to-day I wed

his woman here, but then instead

Which woman here?" the Justice said Instead of two she then was one. We never had a squirm or swish, More happiness no worms could wish, Till Johnny Green went out to fish Ah, fatal day! Our bliss was done While he was digging for his buit Wife saw his spade descend. Too late! It severed her. Oh, cruel fate! I were better far if she had died. But no such luck She crawled away Two separate worms, each blithe and gay Each wriggled home to me straightway, And each half swore she was my bride

At first it made us joke and laugh, But soon the thing got past all chaft Each claimed she was my better half My wife grew lealous of my wife. In sober mind 'twas hard to bear, all twice two wives would meet my stare-

Two wives, I said? Quite right Yet, still --The worm stopped short, they thought him ill. He writhed and turned and squirmed until Dear Judge," the lady worms then hissed, We move all charges be dismissed. The four half worms then straight way kissed And wriggled back to home again

PITY.



Why weepest thus my little man? What care is on thy mind? "My heart is rent with pity for

### The Alley-it is blind CONTENTMENT.

Wouldn't be a cloud Soarin' fru de sky " ouldn't be a bird.

Cause I'd have ter fly "ouldn't be a fish-Swimmin' ain't no fun. Ruyyer be 'ies what I is A-lyin' in de sun.

Taking Things Easy.

From the Baltimore Herald "I had business in a small town out West," said a Boston man, "and I left the address at home, so that some important letters could be forwarded to me I figured out about when they ought to arrive, and went down to the post office to inquire for them. "No letters here for you,' said the post master, who was also a Justice of the Peace.

They ought to have been here yesterday, 'Couldn't have got here yesterday, as old Brown, who carries the mail, was drunk and didn't go ever to losco after it '

and how about to-day?' "Well, he's sober enough to-day, but his old woman has cut her foot." "But there will be a mail to-morrow?" I

Skassly, sir. We don't have no mail or Thursdays, Then how about next day?"

postmaster, and he generally goes fishing if he don't, he sends the boy over. I never count on it, however.
"You seem to have a slipshod way of running postal affairs out in this country,' I said as I furned away.

Fridays is sort of off days with the loses

Waal, I dunno but we have, he admitted as he looked at me over the top of his speccles; 'but as long as nobody but I'ncle Bill Simpson ever gets any mail, and that's only a circular about how to kill cockroaches, we kinder take things easy, and let the United States ran along without bustin' her biler

#### Severe Chromatte Amietion. From the Philadelphia Times.

A Virginia reader sends a story told by the late Alban S. Payne as an actual occur-sence. It concerned a hard-riding, harddrinking young Englishman who settled near Linden, that State, in the expressed hope that the rustic surroundings would prove an aid in ridding him of his abnormal thirst But he clung to his old habits, and soon be-came a connoisseur in moonshine distillations, rather preferring them, after a time, to those bearing the Government stamp. His face was a mingled purple and sunset red, the joint product of whiskey and an pen-air life; and he had nothing of charm apart from his faultless manners to offer the pretty mountain girl who consented to be-come his wife. One afternoon he was carried

of a fall. The gravel of the roadside, the green of the grass and the smear from some cuts added to the colorfulness of his countenance; and the young wife, when Dr. Payne chincomen trees that have lusts like a arrived, rushed out on the porch screaming.

Octopus Hunting in Kansas



Ebenezer J. Young, a rising young Demo rat of Nationville, Kan., is now fully convinced of the existence of a bare-faced combination in beef whose only poses can be personal gain and the oppression of the public. At present the trust is confining itself to the 'al county, but there is every indication that it intends to extend its operations over an indefinite territory in the near future. Mr. Young, however. has taken it upon himself to hound to the finish this new evil which threatens the peace and welfare of all who come under its in fluence. With the forceful evidence which he now has in hand he has strong hopes that he will be able ultimately, to nail the moving spirits in the new combination and place them behind the bars where they belong.

### An Enthustastic Rooter.

"See that man in front of you?" whispered he fat man to the lean one sitting next to him on the bleachers. "Look at his hands. Base

ball did that The hands referred to were bruised and the ingers blistered. "What position did he play?" whispered the

"He never played." "But his hands? "He got 'em that way cheering for a deaf mutes' team.

Big Enough to Look Out for Themselves. From the Chicago Record-Herald. District Attorney Reeves of Los Angeles, 'al., appreciates a good story and tells one of an Irishman that will bear repeating. "Some people object to releasing pris-

the renegades are turned loose upon other communities. That reminds me of the Irishman who, after reaching America, was full of homesick brag, in which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the ould sod and he grew especially "Why the bage in that country is twice as big as in this. Indade, they'er bigger

than that. They're as big as th' shape ye have in this country! 'Bees as big as sheep," said his incre-ous listener. 'Why, what kind of hives dulous listener.

do they have to keep them in?" 'No bigger than the ones in this counthry.' He evidently belonged to the old school, Then how do the bees get into the hives?"

" 'Well,' replied the Irishman, 'that's their own dom lookout."

Not Quite Resigned, but Not His Fault. From the Washington Post. One day this week the Senate did not meet at noon. The hands of the clock were at least three minutes past the hour of 12 when the chaplain lifted his voice in the opening prayer. And all because Senator Frye was

telling a story to the preacher. "When I was up in Maine recently," said Mr. Frye, "I was summoned to prepare a will for a man who was very ill. It was necessary, of course, to secure two witnesses, and they had to be sent for. While we were vaiting for them to arrive the man seemed to get worse, and I thought it my duty, no ninister being present, to talk seriously

him. I told him that he was very ill and that t was likely he would soon depart this life. 'And are you ready to meet this great change?' I asked him.

"'I will be,' was the reply, 'as soon as those d -- d witnesses get here.

### The Milky Way

From the Princeton Tige Twas a warm October night and the sil-very moon cast glimmering shadows about the woody glen, through which the rippling brook tumbled on toward the Raritan Canal. He was but a freshman, and she fair one-was the buxom daughter of a tiller of the They had met at a Harvest Home. "Chauncey," she lisped, with the sweetest

of Jersey accents, "why do they call that the Milky Way? And she turned her light green eyes toward

the heavens.
"Lizzie," he cried in ardent tones clasped her to his boyish breast, "it is because

## Just then the moon went behind a cloud.

From Brooklyn Life. Cholly (proudly) By Jove! I'm quite a rofessor of swimming, don't you know. taught Mabel Galey how to swim in two Jack Gad! That was a quick throw

Cholly (indignantly) What do you mean? Jack Why, she let me give her ten lessons before she learned.

#### From Sole to Upper. From What to Eat.

"What is this leathery stuff?" the diner asked, when the second course of the dinner was served "That is a filet of sole, sir," replied the

"Take it away," said the diner, after at-tacking it with his fork, "and see if you can't get me a nice tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

### Lucy X -- Do not worry about superflous hair. Think of what it did for Sampson.

know What a Chinkapin Is? The country papers in the South all proclaim that it has been a good year for chircapins. Every six-year-old child in

Virginia seems to know it and also every

GOOD YEAR FOR CHINCAPINS

But How Many Children and Squirrels Here

squirrel, but very few children here in the North would know the little nut if they saw it bursting through its bristling burr of a prison, the first of all the nuts to ripen. It is really hard for a grown person to conceive how any living thing, short of a squirrel, can derive any satisfaction from eating chir aspins, but the Southern chil-

hestnut and are good meat either raw

The chincapin may have flourished in groves then. Now the trees are widely scattered and usually are found fighting for existence among the blackberry bushes on partly cleared lands. The tree is actually a bush which rarely attains the dignity of more than 10 feet in height.

The "good meat" may be good when it is got at, but usually the mit contains

it is got at, but usually the nut contains a big chubby worm which has fattened itself on the kernel and left nothing for second comers

The best of the nuts is their ornamental quality. The youngsters like to have them strung on thread and wear them as neck-laces till the desire for personal ornamen-

### Two Stories by a Preacher.

tation gives way to appetite.

From the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. The Rev. Dr. Parkin in his address befor Ministerial Union at Witherspoon Hall The on Monday told two good stories. first was of a young minister in the coal regions who had an impediment in his speech. He tried many remedies without avail, till at last, after saving a goodly proportion his salary by denying himself the comforts of life, he came to Philadelphia to be cured, because he had heard there were so many "speak-easies" here.

The other was a minister whose education in business matters had been sadly neglected. He had a small charge also, and eked out a living by writing for the papers. One day he received a check for \$15, made payable to his order. He took it to the local bank, and handing it in, was told to indorse it. He hesitated a moment, and then taking up the precious document wrote on the back: "I heartily indorse this check.

NATURALLY.



"What will you take my picture for?" Inquired the anxious maid. Said Little Boy Blue.

I'll take it for you I'm 'fraid." NOT ON TIME.

### The Train That Seemed to Have Arrived Promptly Was Day Before Yesterday's.

From the Washington Times. A special examiner of the Pension Office, who occasionally makes business trips down South, was recently giving some of his experiences while in the Palmetto State. He had business down the coast near Port Royal, mers on a floater because of the fact that and after a week of hard work made for a small station on a lumber road tapping the main line to Charleston, some miles beyond. Reaching the depot, a small shanty perched upon piles above the surrounding swamp, proceeded to the ticket office to purchase the necessary transportation out of the wilderness. The sliding panel in the window of the ticket and telegraph office was down, and on it was the announcement that the easy-going agent had gone off fishing, and might be expected back in the course of a day or

> two. Going out on the platform to reconnoitre, he found an aged darky seated in the shade, back of the building smoking a corncob pipe. for upon the appearance of the visitor he arose, made a courtly bow and remained standing while being addressed.

> Upon being asked as to the arrival of the train, he said: "Yo' might as well take a seat an' set down, boss, an' make yo'se'f at home. Dat train is p'inted ter be here at 1 erclock, but if it gits here at sundown yo'll be mighty lucky."
>
> He then proceeded to entertain the traveller with stories of the dim past when he was a coachman in the household of "Marse Gen. Wade Hampton". He was a good talker with his quaint reminiscences of the halcyon days "befo' the wah," and the special examiner was somewhat disappointed when the old man's flow of ante-bellum history was interrupted by the sbriek of a locomotive close at hand. As the train pulled up at the platform he glanced at his watch and found the hands pointing exactly the hour of 1 o'clock.
>
> Turning to the old man, he said: "Look here, uncle, what do you mean by telling your lies about this railread? You said would have to wait hours for the train, and here it comes rolling in on the dot of time."
>
> The pained expression on the face of the old man gave way to a very broad grin as he answered: "Laws a mussy, boss, I ain't bin lyin' tor yo'. Dat's day befo' yistiddy's train." train, he said: "Yo' might as well take a

### train. Old-Time Remedies for Snake Bite

From the London Lancet. The subject of snake bite may occasionally engage the individual practitioner in a moorland countryside where, especially in the summer and autumn, cases are not unknown of infants dying from collapse after being bitten by vipers. We have recently been informed that the "infallible remedy" used by "Brusher" Mills, the well-known New Forest snake catcher, adder or viper is the fat of the creature itself melted, bottled, and applied, a drop at a time, to the wound. The cure, he asserts, is an affair of two minutes. Mills has, of course, had immense experience with snakes, having in his day killed or taken more than 4,000 venomous and 27,000 harmless specimens He has, in fact, practically devastated his own field of operations round Lyndhurst His belief in his remedy is shared by Wiltshire and Hampshire rustics and is doubtless universal in the country districts of

England. The question is whether this treatment is merely a survival of the old savage homoop athy which ordains a hair of the dog that bit you as a cure for the bite, or whether it is a rude form of serumtherapy. Vipers are exceedingly quarrelsome from the moment they break the egg, and unless immune against venom would long ago have ceased to exist as a distinct species. Hence their fot may be a kind of antitoxin. Of course, all fatty and oily substances are useful against poisons, which they doubtless absorb and isolate. The old-fashioned "London viper catchers, mentioned by White of Selborne and others always employed hot olive oil as a cure or treatment for snake bite, and this with ammonia continues to be recommended.

We read of the oil cure in works on natural history, but find no mention of the peasants' use of fat. How came it to be used in the first instance? Probably in accordance with the savage theory that fat, blood, sputum and so forth, contain the life principle or "soul" of men and animals and are therefore a cure for any lesion. Fat was anciently used to frighten away screpants from gardens and houses. The "suet of deer strewed up and down where they ladders! come will cause them to depart," says Agrippa of Nettesheim, whose ideas, despite his scepticism, were often those of the tribal medicine man. Bacon fat, mixed with the brains of a weasel, is recommended by him to scare away rats and mice.

Drugs and charms obtained from snakes rude form of serumtherapy.

recommended by him to scare away rats and mice.

Drugs and charms obtained from snakes are, of course, very ancient. The witches in "Macbeth" make a baleful viper broth, but the same mixture was also a medicine and cure for many diseases. The sloughs of snakes had also singular uses. The sixteenth century Jerome Cardarris quoted in an old chapbook as saying, "If any do sprinkle his head with the powder of a skin that a snake doth cast off, gotten or gathered when the moon is in the full, being also in the first part of Aries the Ram, he shall see terrible and fearful dreams. And if he shall have it under the sole of his foot he shall be acceptable before magistrates and princes."

Folks Who Get That Tired Feeling

dren do not seem to think so, and they have the backing of an ancient authority, one S. Clarke, who, writing of "The Plantations of Six." Ada

## MAYBE HE IS CHARLEY ROSS.

THEORY OF AN OLD DETECTIVE ABOUT A WILLIAMSBURG MAN.

Facts Recalled by a Meeting With a Man Once Convicted of Complicity in the Kidnapping-The Boy Brought Up by

Mosher's Widow-A Lawyer's Secret. "I was greatly surprised a few days ago." said an old time Central Office detective, for I came face to face with a man who was reported dead some time ago. This man was William H. Westervelt, a brothern-law of Mosher, the burglar who was believed to be the man who kidnapped Charley Ross.

"I worked on the Ross case and could not have been mistaken in my identification of Westervelt. I met him coming out of the General Post Office on the Park row side of the building and watched him until he walked to the Bridge entrance and boarded a Fulton street trolley car.

"As he was about to get on the trolley car I spoke to him He turned about and waved his hand as if answering just as the car pulled out, and then I was sorry I did not jump on the car and have a talk with "I had been of the opinion that he died

shortly after being released from prison in January, 1881. I know he reached Now York on Jan. 21 of that year for I had a talk with him upon his arrival here. He came on to New York to hunt up his wife. "He said at that time that he did not be-

lieve Charley Ross was dead and in his opinion the only man who knew where Charley Ross could be found was a Williamsburg lawyer who was thoroughly familiar with the case.

"In August, 1874, Superintendent of Police Walling sent for Westervelt and told him that he had information to the effect that Bill Mosher and Joe Douglass had stolen the boy. Gil Mosher, Bill's brother had conveyed this information to Walling, and Walling wanted to know where Mosher resided in Philadelphia.

"Westervelt told Walling that Mosher was living in Philadelphia under the name of Henderson. For some reason or other when Walling located Mosher he did not arrest him.

"Later, Mosher and Douglass appeared in New York and even then were not arrested as Walling did not want them taken in at that time. That was something I never could understand.

"Finally as all New Yorkers remember

never could understand.

"Finally, as old New Yorkers remember, on Dec. 14, 1874, the house of Judge Van Brunt, at Bay Ridge, was broken into. The Judge's brother, together with his nephew and the gardener, started after the burglars and shot them, mortally wounding

Mosher died almost immediately after "Mosher died almost immediately after being shot, but Douglass survived long enough to make a confession in which he declared that he and Mosher had kidnapped Charley Ross. On the following morning Westervelt appeared and identified the bodies of the burglars as those of Mosher and Douglass.

"The police were then satisfied that Westervelt knew all about the kidnapping and

velt knew all about the kidnapping and had a hand in it, so Walling kept jollying him along for several months, believing that he would finally locate the kidnapped Walling induced Westervelt to go to

"Walling induced Westervelt to go to Police Headquarters and there he was put through the third degree. When this falled to make him tell all that he knew about the kidnapping Walling treated him kindly to see what effect that would have.
"But Westervelt was a shrewd man. He knew that Mosher's widow and the Williams and the Williams with the will be th Williamsburg lawyer could produce the boy, but he kept his mouth shut. Then boy, but he kept his mouth shut. Then Walling gave him some money and told him to go to Philadelphia and see if he could

learn anything there.

"The Pinkerton detectives in the meantime were trying to make Westervelt give up, but he still kept his mouth closed. When he got to Philadelphia they took him before Christian Ross, the father of the kidnapped learn and brought him to the Mayor's office. boy, and brought him to the stayout and questioned him in the presence of a stenographer. He said enough to convict himself of having knowledge of the crime, himself of having knowledge arrest, indicted Upon being asked as to the arrival of the for conspiracy in the kidnapping tenced to the Moyamensing prison for seven

> were made to get him to give up what he knew while he was in prison. But he re-fused to say anything except that he was innocent and knew nothing about the innocent and knew nothing about the kidnapping.
>
> "Finally when he was released he came to New York and started out to search for his wife. Meeting an old acquaintance he remarked that it was a shame to have

"This was on Oct. 9, 1875. Many attempts

locked him up inasmuch as Supt. Walling had not arrested the widow of Mosher. "Hesaid that Mosher's widow had changed her name and had married a saloonkeeper in Williamsburg and that if she was watched the Ross boy would certainly appear in her household. "Ten years later I happened to be in Williamsburg and I visited the saloon in question, which was on Lee avenue. I

saw a young man who was supposed to be the stepson of this saloonkeeper, and his features resembled those in the photographs of the Ross boy published at the time the boy was kidnapped. This boy has now grown to manhood and I see him. "I do not pretend to know that he is the long-lost Charley Ross, but I do know that he was the boy who was raised and cared for by the widow of the man who kidnapped

"I have kept track of him to know where he is employed at present. But the only man who can prove him to the law Rosa is that Williamsburg "I have kept track of him for years and be Charley Ross is that Williamsburg lawyer. They say that his conscience has often troubled him over the case and that on his deathbed he will tell where the true facts in the case can be found, provided his name is never made public.
"He will no doubt tell an interesting story about this young man. That is, if

Ross and she had no children of her own

he tells anything at all.
"If Westervelt would talk he, too, could tell an interesting story. TAKEN AS AN OMEN. When the Hangman's Rope Broke All Said

From the Denver Fost "Although I never saw but one hanging, I witnessed a sight that even professional hangmen have not seen," said A. A. Albrechton of Columbus, Miss. "It was at my home, A voung Mississippian named Purdy had been convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to hang. The evidence was wholly circumstantial, and before he was accused of that crime the young man had borne an excellent reputation. He was also connected by marriage with some of the best people in the State.

"Nevertheless, he was sentenced to hang and the Governor would not reprieve him. There were two factions in the community, one believing him guilty, and the other considering him innocent. The latter talked of rescue, but it was all talk.

"The scaffold was not inclosed and when young Purdy ascended the gallows he walked erect and fearless. He denied his guilt, and all who saw him were compelled to admit his bearing was that of an innocent man. The black cap was pulled over his face, the Sheriff pulled a lever, and the next we saw was a man getting up from the ground, snatching the black cap from his head and declaring dramatically: God has proved my innocence.

"The rope had broken. That was enough, Former enemies turned into adherents, and before the Sheriff could again take his prisoner to the gallows and get another rope he was in the centre of a crowd of thousands of people, all of whom were swearing there were not Sheriffs enough in Mississippi to hang an innocent man.

"Purdy was taken home, and an escort of

not Sheriffs enough in Mississippi to hang an innocent man.

"Purdy was taken home, and an escort of 250 armed and determined men went with him and remained until there was no danger of any further proceedings being taken. Without any legal formalities the matter was allowed to drop, and Furdy is living eighteen miles from Columbia, respected and happy.

"Joy almost killed his wife when she saw thm alive at the time she expected his corpse to be brought home. To say Purdy is guilty is now almost as much as a man's life a columbia.

# Purdy Was Innocent. "Although I never saw but one hanging. I witnessed a sight that even professional hang-